

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(From the Chicago News.)

A busy miller's life is one continuous grind.

Revenge is a gun that kicks much harder than it shoots.

Politeness is the freezing point in the atmosphere of love.

Men make themselves ridiculous by claiming to be what they are not.

Of course you are all right, but your next door neighbor needs a lot of reforming.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Maxim Gorky, the famous author, was banished to Riga.

The physicians of Sir Henry Irving, the actor, say he is completely run down physically.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will pay a visit to India, extending from November to March.

Guatemala is uneasy over reports of the organization of a filibustering expedition in Mobile and has asked the United States to take steps to thwart the movement.

A dispatch from Sachetun, under date of February 24, has been received at St. Petersburg, saying that a desperate battle was fought on that day, and that the Japanese, in superior numbers, forced the Russian detachment at Tsinkhetchin to abandon its base at Beresneff Hill. A report from Gen. Kuropatkin says a big Japanese warship and twenty torpedo boats are on the way to Vladivostok.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

J. Pierpont Morgan bought the manuscript of Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for \$4,000.

Fire at Hot Springs, Ark., destroyed property worth probably a million dollars. Three lives were lost.

Seventeen young natives of Argentina have arrived at New York for a four-year course at various American educational institutions.

When put on the witness stand at Cleveland, Mrs. Chadwick refused to answer any questions put to her, even refusing to tell her name.

Prof. Jacques Loeb, of the University of California, claims to have discovered a process of producing animal life by chemical means.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 27.—The fire which swept the Illinois Central railroad wharves last night, and is still burning, destroyed property worth at least five million dollars.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on both President Roosevelt and Emperor William by the University of Pennsylvania at its Washington's birthday ceremonies at Philadelphia.

George Sewall Boutwell, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and who was in public life for sixty years, died at his home in Groton, Mass. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party and at his death was the president of the Anti-Imperialist League.

President Roosevelt Tuesday signed the resolution restoring the Confederate flags to the Southern States. The flags will be taken from the archives in the War Department and sent to the Governors of States to be distributed to the remnants of the regiments to which they belonged. Kentucky has several flags in the lot.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

It is estimated that four thousand persons have been converted by mountain evangelists between Corbin, Ky., and Norton, Va., lately.

Gov. Beckham appointed W. T. Cole to be County Judge of Greenup county to succeed Judge J. B. Bennett, who resigned to enter Congress from the Ninth congressional district.

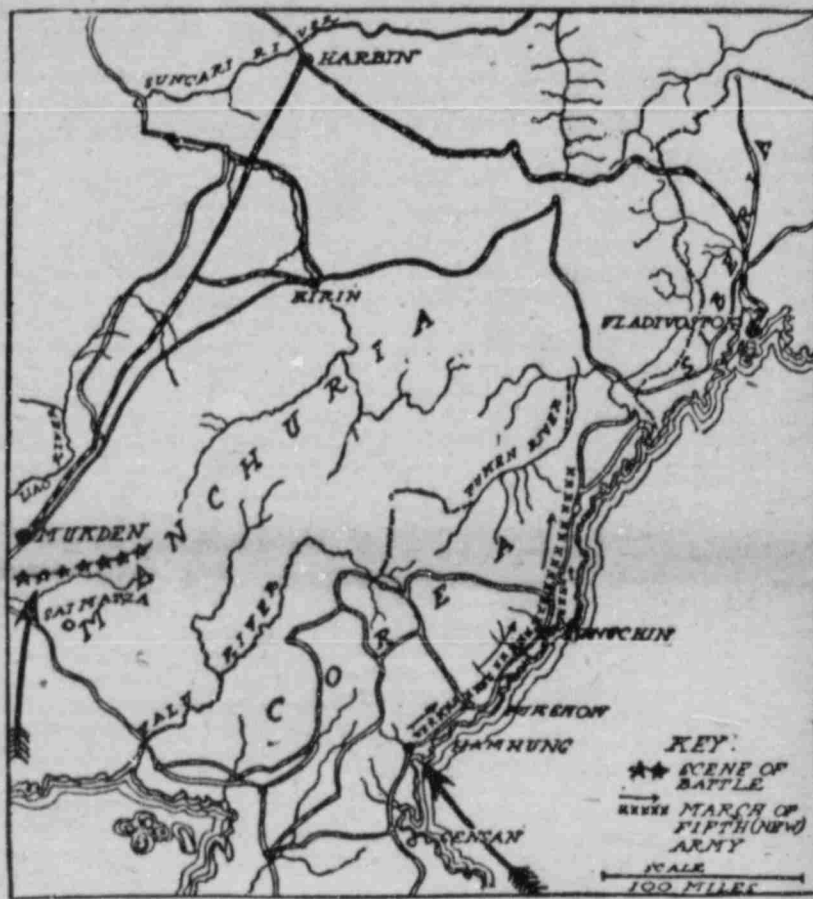
Friends of Col. Brutus J. Clay of Richmond, Ky., son of the late Gen. Cassius M. Clay, who died recently at a ripe old age, are making an active effort to have President Roosevelt appoint him to a place in the diplomatic service.

The newspapers of the country very generally condemn Judge Benton's course in imposing a fine upon Berea College, as well as the spirit of the law makers who passed the Day Bill. The case is carried to the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Louisville and Nashville railroad will be held in Louisville March 28 to vote on a bond issue of \$50,000,000 to cover the building and equipment of the new Atlanta, Knoxville and Cincinnati division of the road.

A mass meeting of State officials, city officials and citizens of Frankfort was held, at which a memorial was addressed to Congress urging an appropriation sufficient to complete the system of locks and dams on the Kentucky river to Three Forks, in the heart of the Kentucky coal fields.

LOCATION OF ACTIVITIES IN THE WAR.



The Scene of the Battle Now in Progress Between Kuropatkin's and Oyama's Armies Is Indicated by Stars. The Crosses Show the Landing Places and Reported Route of the Japanese Army That Is Marching on Vladivostok.

BIG ENGAGEMENT.

Fighting in Progress Along the Whole Line the Japanese Attacking Everywhere.

RUSSIANS MAKE COUNTER ATTACK

They Seized the Head of the Bridge Across the Shakhe River in Center of Japs' Lines.

Roar of Artillery Firing Echoes Unceasingly From the Mountains and From the Low Flats of the Hun River Valley.

Mukden, March 1.—Fighting is in progress along the whole line, the Japanese attacking everywhere. All attacks were beaten back and the Russians made counter attacks at many places. On the right flank the Russians occupied the village of Boatatzel, which is close to Sandiapi, and from that position hurled hand grenades across the intervening ravine into the Japanese trenches in Sandiapi, causing heavy loss and great disorder.

Mukden, March 1.—The Russians have seized the head of the bridge across the Shakhe river in the center of the Japanese lines, assisted by artillery firing of particular energy from Putloff hill and Novgorod hill.

The seizure of the railroad bridge across the Shakhe river was the occasion of a sharp combat. The Russians succeeded in surprising the Japanese bridge guards and, reinforced, beat off all attempts of the Japanese to regain possession of it.

Heavy Siege Artillery.

The Japanese are using heavy siege artillery in the bombardment of Putloff hill and Novgorod hill, and this is believed to be preliminary to an attempt to storm them. The losses to the defending force are insignificant. The roar of artillery firing is echoing unceasingly from the mountains to the eastward to the low flats of the Hun river valley, the scene of Gen. Gripenberg's repulse.

Ten determined attacks opposite Yansitung and west of Vanupudi were all repulsed with heavy loss. The situation on the Russian left flank is unchanged.

A HEAVY LOSS.

New Government Dyke at St. Louis Demolished.

St. Louis, March 1.—With the breaking of the ice gorge in the Mississippi river the passage of the last of the big floes from the local harbor it was discovered that the new government dyke, 900 feet long, had been completely demolished. The cost of the work was \$200,000. A protection dyke at the East St. Louis, Ill., waterworks was also swept away by the outgoing ice, causing damage estimated at \$15,000. Every steamboat anchored to the St. Louis water front has so far escaped damage.

Riotous Students.

Minsk, March 1.—The students of the clerical seminary here wrecked the houses of the director and inspector of schools and burned all their papers. All the students then left the town.

Toasted the Czar and the President.

New York, March 1.—Standing under the blended colors of Russia and America, the 13 Russian officers who recently arrived here as paroled prisoners, toasted the czar and the president of the United States.

THE ANNUAL DEBATE.

Last Friday night at 7.30 p. m. a large and enthusiastic audience filled the Tabernacle to hear the six earnest young men from Phi Delta and Alpha Zeta Literary Societies debate the question: "Resolved that the history of trade unionism in the United States for the past twenty years has shown a tendency detrimental to the best interests of the country," affirmed by Alpha Zeta; denied by Phi Delta. Year by year the interest and importance of this annual contest has grown, until in a large measure it constitutes the most exciting event of the season.

On the preceding Friday the societies and numerous friends in College and town blossomed forth in their respective colors of Orange and Black or Old Gold and Crimson. Good natured rivalry and speculation as to who would be the speakers (not known until the appearance of the contestants on the platform) filled the succeeding days, culminating in a grand display of colors, flags, pennants and other forms of showing the owners sympathy on the night of the debate. As has been customary Alpha Zeta occupied the east and Phi Delta the west side of the house. After prayer and a selection by the orchestra Chairman Marsh announced the first speaker for Alpha Zeta, and Mr. Taylor Gabbard took the platform amid generous applause. Mr. Orman Simpson, first speaker for the negative, received a like ovation. Then followed: for Alpha Zeta, Messrs. Harry Kinnard and George Pow; for Phi Delta, Messrs. Frank Livengood and J. K. Caldwell. Speeches for rebuttal by Messrs. Pow and Livengood.

Did space permit we should like to present to our readers these six speeches. The men were chosen by their respective societies as the best debating material they had, and that means the best in the school. To those who are advocates of an inter-collegiate contest, the good showing made Friday night gives high hope of success. In no previous debate has there been the continuous hard work given to it as in this one. Not only the speakers but their societies as a whole have exerted every effort in preliminary debates and topical work in preparation of the question; and here lies the true value of the whole matter. To this was largely due the freedom from petty argument. The speakers went to rock bottom at once, and the mass of solid, concise evidence pro and con held the close attention of all. The general opinion freely expressed is that it was the best and closest debate we have yet had. While the orchestra rendered a number, the three judges, Prof. L. V. Dodge, Tutor Rumold and Dr. Hubbell, delivered their ballots to the chairman. At the conclusion of the music intense silence reigned during the reading of the ballots, two for the negative and one for the affirmative. Then sounds of victory broke forth that could easily be heard all over the campus. A noticeable feature has been the good feeling shown by both sides.

Do You Need a Dentist?

Dr. R. W. Daugherty will be at his office over C. J. Hanson & Co.'s store from Thursday to Wednesday. Teeth extracted and filled. Crown and bridge work.

THE DEACON'S BACKSLIDING.

BY HENRY ALLEN LAINE.

He was a deacon, strict, devout,
Who for that office seemed cut out.
With his slick, bald pate and goateed chin,
And his great contempt for the smallest sin.
He lived on a Southern Georgia farm;
It was Spring at last, and the sun shone warm.
As he, smiling, burst through the rifted cloud,
The storm departing, muttering loud.
"I believe we're done for a while with rain,
And I ain't sorry nary grain."
The deacon said to his pious wife,
Who, like himself, lived a busy life.
"Twas the deacon's custom to go to town,
Prompt as each Saturday rolling around,
To carry a load of market stuff,
To change for groceries, plug and snuff.
To mix with the crowd and learn the news,
And occasionally to swap his views
For a better set, on the church and State,
Of times returning home quite late.
While plowing along, the sun grew hot,
And the deacon thought of a better spot—
The mossy old bucket, the cool, deep well,
"Pll hitch Bob Toombs, and I'll rest a spell."
Soon on the porch in an easy chair
The deacon sat, with an anxious air
Upon his face, while looking down
The long, red highway toward the town.
"I wanted to go to town today,
But wife, she thinks I'd better stay
And plow the corn, we're so behind
With work, and besides, I won't hurt to mind
Your wiv's sometimes. They like to boss,
And are so whimsical and cross
Where'er they can I get things to run,
Just as they would like to have 'em done!"
He filled his pipe, and with a sigh,
Lit it with a match scratched on his thigh,
While the fragrant smoke in columns rolled
Like incense up in the days of old.
When suddenly there came a sound
Of hoofs and wheels, and looking down
The long red road, he saw a shay,
Drawn by a decent looking bay,
And in the shay two gentlemen sat,
Each in his Sunday clothes and hat;
Come jogging along at a lively rate,
And hailing the rig at the deacon's gate.
"Light, gentlemen, light," the deacon said,
Then placing his straw hat on his head,
He met them half way down the walk,
And led them back in a pleasant talk.
"Well brother Dismukes, how do ye do?
I think it's a rally kind in you
To visit us, when we ain't been
To see your folk since you moved in
"Our neighborhood, but then you know
How women folks are; they can't go
A calling out in public view
Unless they've got on something new.
"Besides the creek has been up so,
That say old 'oman's hard to go
Across it, for each time, she said,
She takes a swimmin' in the head.
"And this young brother who is he?
Oh yes, its brother Slattery."
He seated his guests, and hurried around,
To where his wife was boiling down,
A pot of soap, and speaking low,
Suggested that she'd better go,
And get some dinner, quick, while he
Would entertain the company.
She muttered something about the way
Some folks could loaf on a worky day,
With times so hard, and a backward spring,
She couldn't understand the thing!
Well, he talked with his guests on temporal things,
Then soaring aloft on more pious wings,
He reviewed the church, its surrounding whole,
And his deep concern for the sinner's soul!
They eyed him closely from head to foot,
And finally one this question put:
"Say deacon Jones, didn't you just say,
That you'd been plowing corn to-day?"
"Yes, yes, you see I usually wait
Till Monday, but the season's late
And when I can get in a day,
To run the plow, I must make hay."
His visitors seated by his side,
Both opened their eyes at this quite wide,
"But I enjoy good company so,
If you'll excuse me, I will go
Where the boys are fencing and call on Jim,
And give the plowing up to him."
"What going to make him plow to-day?"
"Yes, time's too precious to fool away!"
"The fact is boys his age and size,
Need plenty of air, and exercise."
His guests were silent a moment or so,
Then suddenly, both rose up to go!
Tho' the deacon urged them, they wouldn't stay,
But hooked up their rig and drove away!
Mt. Pisgah's church door opened clear,
And the crowds poured in from far and near.
On horse-back, mule back, buck-boards, gigs,
Creaky old rock-a-ways, two-horse rigs,
Each one contributing its full share,
To the crowd of country folk gathering there!
There black-dressed women, with specks, and
shawls
Men some spun dressed and in overalls,
Stood round in groups, all talking low,
All plainly grieved at the evil blow
Which late had fallen swift on one,
Of Pisgah's pillar's; one who'd done
So much to make her a tower of strength,
Throughout South Georgia's breadth and length.
The sexton scarce had tolled the bell
For eleven A. M. when the gavel fell
For the business session. A song was sung:
From a hundred lusty throats it rose,
Then brother Tompkins led in prayer,
Responses rising here and there.
A song. Then orders of the day,
Were called for and without delay,
Old deacon Simpkins from his pew,
When call was made for business new,
Rose up at once, addressed the chair,
Mid doleful silence everywhere:
"Brother Moderator, I regret to say,
That I have a charge to make to-day,
"Against a brother deacon here,
Who's gone in and out for forty year,
Before this flock, and always stood,
High in his church and neighborhood.
"Sir, on last Sunday deacon Jones,
In the sound of church bells solemn tones,
Instead of fasting and humble prayer,
As becomes good deacons everywhere,
"Not only was plowing, but made his boy
Take turns with him; thus to destroy
What good intentions that the Lord,
Through religious convictions, may have had.
"The reason I know that he did plow,
He told two brethren, present now,
Dismukes and Slattery from their pew,
Declared that the statements made were true.
"I move you agin 'im we prefer
A charge of Sabbath breaking, sir!"
"Twas seconded. "Are there remarks?"
With eyes ablaze, and flashing sparks,
Old deacon Jones sprang to his feet,
His ringing blood at fever heat,
And declared the charge was most absurd,
And the basest slander he ever heard.
Then spoke the pastor: "Tell us pray,
What did you do on last Lord's day,
"Lord's day it rained, I stayed at home
And read my Bible, sir, and some
"Who ought to have done the same, sir; they
Were plowing long to slander me."
"What did you do on Saturday, then?"
"I plowed my co'n, and these same men
Will witness to the truth, I hope,
That my good wife was a-billin' soap."
"Well, Monday then, what did you do?"
"Why, the day was clear, and the sky was blue."
"There deacon, stop! There's where you're
wrong.
For Monday it rained hard all day long
While last Lord's day was bright and fair,
With the spring birds singing everywhere.
"I thought there must be some mistake,
And we'll drop it for the church's sake."
A pause, and deacon Jones arose
And asked the pardon of all those
Whom he had unjustly criticized;
And a sob escaped as he wiped his eyes.

New Hotel.

R. J. Engle will open a hotel on Depot street to-day. 75c. per day; single meals 25c.

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